

**CLAIRETTE'S**  
**SOAP.**  
OH SAY!  
Bring out some of that CLAIR  
ETTES SOAP. We've used it  
right since and the Wiggins folks  
say it's as good as any soap  
they ever used. It keeps the skin  
soft and smooth. If you don't  
keep it, you're a fool. Write to  
J. K. FAIRBANK & CO.,  
ST. LOUIS.

**YOUR FUTURE**  
LEAF FROM THE DEVIL'S JESTBOOK.  
Beside the sewing table, chained and bent,  
They sigh for the lady, tyrannous and  
fierce.  
For her wedding gown, for then a shroud.  
They sigh and sigh, but never mend the  
tear.  
Torn in life's golden curtains, Glad Youth  
went  
And left them alone with Time, and now it  
bowed  
With burdens they should not and cry aloud,  
Woe, woe, the rich would look from their count-  
enance.  
And so this glimmering life in last reaches  
In unknown, endless depths beyond recall.  
And what's the worth of all our ancient deeds  
If here at the end of ages this leaf  
A fair face floating through the merry tale,  
A dead face floating in the river cold?  
—C. E. Marchant in California Illustrated.

**BOB AND MAY.**  
Bob and May were sweethearts.  
Of course they were; that's what they  
had been learning ever since Bob, a  
stripling of 20, had come out from Ten-  
nessee to the Texas Panhandle with the  
family.  
In those days May was a bright-haired,  
high-strung little girl of 14 whom  
Bob never called nor thought of as "red-  
headed."  
Bob was a strong, good humored boy,  
not a bit afraid of work, and he had a  
way with him that gave him command  
of men and creatures. He rose rapidly  
in old man Love's employ from simple  
cow puncher to wagon boss, then fore-  
man, and when he was only 25 went  
with the approval and good will of his  
employer, to take the position of ranch  
manager for a Boston company.  
All the world loves a lover. Bob was  
such a whole hearted one, his state of  
mind was so potent, he took such de-  
light in it, with his shining teeth and  
open smile and enthusiasm, that the  
Panhandle felt with and for him.  
And old man Love was pleased  
enough with the match and greatly  
glad to give Bob a coming  
wedding. He had the love of the  
traveller in the one hundred and  
thirty-two things all in all, generally  
threw to the wind two loving hearts,  
and then he was a man of the  
Panhandle.  
This old cow—worth perhaps \$75—  
bought up at one of the many  
National, which was factiously  
known as the "Bum" brand, old man  
Love's (XXX).  
Though very unimportant, such ac-  
cidents may occur in the lives and con-  
fusion of branding without necessarily  
implying dishonesty on some one's  
part. While they do sometimes result  
in fights and killings they are easily  
enough adjusted between reasonable  
people, and since any clever cowboy can  
readily tell which brand is of the long  
or standing.  
But any cowboy on the range would  
have told you that while old man Love  
was square enough himself he was a  
cowboy about the equanimity of his  
brand. His long suit was to jump up  
and down and swear that it never yet  
was on anything that wasn't his own.  
He invariably claimed an animal that  
bore it in addition to another brand  
(as did this old cow) however plainly it  
bore the brand of the other two, though  
as a matter of fact his branding horns  
were handled by just as many careless  
cowboys as any others.  
If Bob had known what that aged  
and damaged brute cow was going to  
do for him, he might perhaps have  
blinded his obvious duty and let old man  
Love have her—in the face of right and  
reason.  
But he was not the man to be backed  
down by any one, and he dared the  
worst—and got it.  
He held the cow for his company, after  
a fierce contest, and old man Love  
went home raging, to give his distorted  
version of the affair, issue orders that  
no member of his family was to speak  
to or of Bob from that time forth, and  
to remark significantly that he had far  
rather see a child of his married to a  
horse thief than to a person capable of  
such behavior.  
Communication between the lovers  
had since been managed, once in a  
while, by the most stealth and secrecy.  
Having, by this means, been assured of his  
sweetheart's steadfastness and readiness  
Bob set her word by one of his father's  
cowboys to ride a good horse past the  
half way branding pen, armed himself  
with a lasso and hung around the  
Triple X ranch for a week.  
When May finally found the opportu-  
nity to slip away in the most careless  
manner, with one of the men's son-  
dresses on and in the face of threatening  
weather, she received a rapturous wel-  
come from the long banished Bob, and  
they promptly headed their ponies for  
Squire Wiley's, just the other side of  
Roaring creek, who was supposed to be  
holding himself in readiness for their  
visit.  
What Mexican or other paid spy or  
what unfriendly or envious hand car-  
ried the news to old man Love will not  
be known, but he burst into one of his  
near cow camps at dinner, shortly after  
Bob and May's departure, like a roaring  
South African lion with mustard in  
his eye.  
"The boys"—who knew well enough  
what was afoot, and what would be  
asked of them—dropped their tin cups  
and plates, jumped on their waiting  
ponies and were out of hailing distance  
before he fairly lit in their midst.  
But old Hank Pensall, the cook, was  
a new man, not long from northwest  
Texas, neither knowing of nor caring

particularly for Bob and his love  
affair. So he stood at his official post,  
at the tail end of the chuck wagon, and  
gave available attention to the im-  
passioned harangue and singular antics of  
this new and entertaining employer.  
Being, however, a man of calm and  
order, in disposing Bob and May, he  
may, he mounted a serious appearing  
but still tempered backless colored  
pony, with one white eye and much  
symmetry of bone—as much of a char-  
acter in the way as the was a fair  
and started, with considerable interest  
and curiosity.

They rode hard and were near over-  
hauling the lovers within a mile of  
Roaring creek. But while pursuer and  
pursued pushed on at their utmost pace,  
another factor was coming with a hun-  
dred times greater speed to take a hand  
in the game.  
The dry bed of Roaring creek was  
just before them, beyond that a tiny  
rise, then an arroyo, and beyond that  
again the roof of the justice's house,  
just in sight. As Bob and May clattered  
over the creek bed and scrambled up  
onto the rise beyond, both looked back,  
and their ponies stopped, tossing their  
heads, pricking their ears and snorting  
at a curious humming sound that sud-  
denly seemed to fill all the air about.  
"Hurry up, darling," cried Bob,  
blowing out a hand to catch May's.  
"It's a big storm coming from above."  
But before they could descend the slope  
to cross the dry arroyo in front it was  
whirling from north to south and bring-  
ing over with a sudden flood of red,  
muddy water.

And even above the noise of the flood  
before them they heard a sound like the  
angry shouting of furious multitudes.  
Looking backward and up the creek  
whence the sound came they saw a  
great, tumbling, shuddering wall—  
pushing before it and bearing upon its  
crest all imaginable sorts of debris—ad-  
vancing down the dry creek bed with  
such a thunderous onslaught that the  
little mound on which they stood shook  
and seemed fairly to lurch under their  
feet. They looked about them. The  
arroyo ran into the creek below. Above,  
both it and the creek had flooded out  
until they joined. Their little mound  
was an island, completely growing  
smaller, surrounded on every side by  
raging torrents, in which were driven  
and whirled whole trees, full grown  
cattle, with sometimes a fence post  
whose trailing wires had caught in their  
barbs all manner of ghastly wreckage.

Up came the water about them;  
down fell the big hill.  
"It's a cloud-burst, darling,"  
said Bob. "It won't last long—the  
water won't cover this rise."  
"I'm not afraid," Bob said May,  
with very white lips. "I'm glad I  
came anyhow. If we've got to die,  
we'll die together, and the way I've  
felt for the last three weeks I'm sure that's  
a happy death."

Bob jumped off his pony and lifted  
May from hers. The hill was coming  
bigger and bent more upon them.  
He wrapped his slacker about her, pushed  
the ponies close together and sheltered  
her with them and his own body  
as best he could.  
"We won't die," he said, "but, poor  
little girl, what an awful storm I've  
dragged you into!"  
Just then, from the farther bank of  
the creek, above the awful howling of  
the storm, came the intelligent com-  
mand in old man Love's ear-splitting  
tones:  
"May Love! You come here to me  
this minute!" And May laughed hysterically.  
"Well, he can't get at us, away  
—but the hill can. Oh, look at your  
poor hands! Oh, Bob! I can't bear it—  
put the slacker back on!"  
"Why, honey," said Bob as the tears  
came in earnest now, "I'd got pained  
just the same anyhow, and you must  
let me have the comfort of keeping some-  
thing of it off—it ain't a patch on the  
way you'd do it if he could get me  
right now!"

While the storm raged and the water  
rose nearly to their feet, Hank Pensall  
had the almost exclusive use of old  
man Love's remarks, since only his  
wildest shrieks reached the young com-  
pany, who were too much absorbed in each  
other to heed either him or the storm  
very much.  
These remarks disagreed with Mr.  
Pensall, who was notoriously a man  
of judgment and observation.  
"What's the matter with that young  
feller?" he queried angrily. "Watch  
him a standstill to the north and my  
girl, leaving the hill open for us."  
"If it's no change," he said, "he's  
up right through, he'll make a better  
husband in what you over did!"  
About this time, the hill ceasing, the  
expectant justice came down to the far-  
ther bank of the arroyo. The water  
was going down visibly, but its roar  
was still considerable.  
"Ho, Bob!" yelled the justice, above  
its sound, "got your license?"  
Bob looked it out and waved it above  
his head.  
Old man Love could not from where  
he stood hear a word, but he surmised  
what had been said, and the sight of  
the document was a vivid red light to  
the bull.  
"I dare you to marry 'em," he screamed  
at "I dare you to marry 'em." And in an  
ecstasy of rage and anxiety he forced  
his pony down into the foaming creek  
among the whirling drift, where he  
was promptly pitched off by the terrified  
creature, which instantly returned.  
Pensall, at the risk of his own life, had  
to fish him out, receding plenty of  
abuse for his pains and returning it  
with bitter irony.  
In two minutes' time the shallower  
arroyo was fordable, though the creek,  
down which the big drift continued to  
come, was not. Bob set May on her  
pony, mounted his own and prepared  
to ride out. The sight of the justice—a  
plump, fat, with boots, slacker and  
cowboy hat—preparing to take charge  
of the pair was too much for old man  
Love, and dismounted as he was he  
plunged, in a delirium of rage, into the  
creek, spluttering and yelling:  
"Stop! Hold on! You just dare!"  
May hesitated, frightened, but old  
Hank Pensall yanked her father out  
again and set him on dry land, mort-  
gaging:  
"Dagonee! You I pulled 'em out on  
before! What fer can't ye stay out?  
Huh?"  
"When you try backin agin a boy like  
that, backed by a double, you're  
goin to get left—don't ye know it?  
That kid's got a Texas cinch on pro-  
vidence! Bet ye he had this hys storm  
staked out!"  
"Gott, feller! Gott, gal! I'm with ye  
ever time—I'm fer yer. Yer the right  
sort! I wouldn't bein' ye fer all the  
damned old snake bit fools in Texas!"

just gather up the scraps of this old  
world as you go back to the ranch."  
And as May and Bob rode off, tattered,  
beaten, drugged, but obviously  
blissful and jaunty, a faint hail follow-  
ed them:  
"Goodbye, kids—wish yer joy! Come  
on, old calamity!"—Alice MacGowan  
in Chicago Herald.

A Paris paper announces the discovery  
of a second Pompeii near Laurinum.  
It states that an entire town, with streets  
and houses, has been found buried be-  
neath a mass of earth.

JOY IN HEAVEN AND EARTH.

[The following chapter by the editor,  
is reprinted by request from  
Word and Works for December 1893.]  
Who believes in his heart that the  
story of the "Babe in the Manger"  
will ever cease to thrill the hearts of  
mortals? It never will, as long as there  
are human hearts to love and hope.  
It never will! The angelic announce-  
ment to the shepherds will grow in  
interest, beauty and joy, until time  
shall be no more. It will ever remain  
an immortal pleasure to man to hear  
and think and sing of the shining an-  
gels coming down over the plains of  
Bethlehem to proclaim to the humb-  
le and astonished shepherds the glad  
news of the Savior's birth.

How often in our own childhood,  
as well as man's maturer age, have  
we in vivid imagination brought the  
wonderful scene before us, and what  
ineffable thrills of joy and surprise,  
mingled with fear, have we realized.  
As we have drawn in our hot, child-  
ish fancy, a dim Judean landscape,  
unrolled and slumbering in the soft  
oriental night, with fleecy clumps of  
feeding and reclining herds revealed  
here and there in the pale star-light,  
with the shepherds here and there,  
heavy with slumber, prone on the  
ground or reclining on their crooks—  
the very stillness of the scene has  
grown solemnity and impressiveness  
upon us, but when on a sudden above  
it all we see the heavens blaze with  
an unearthly burst of angelic wings  
and heard them with their sweet,  
heavenly voices turned downward up-  
on the astonished watchers, begin  
their beautiful song which goes on  
echoing down the ages, we have felt  
like falling upon the earth with an  
overpowering wonder that could not  
be expressed and with a mingling  
hope and fear which could not be de-  
fined. Oh, blessed, cloudless morn-  
ing of guileless, credulous childhood,  
we can never return to thy enchanted  
sanctuary—we shall never hear again  
from a sweet mother's lips on the  
glad Christmas morn, the story of the  
angel announcing the birth of Jesus;  
but all its beauty and joy and all the  
immortal hopes kindled by it are with  
us to this day—a heavenly heritage  
which none can depreciate or destroy.

Amid all the transitoriness of life's un-  
real and unsubstantial things, the se-  
cret of our happiness and hope has  
been, and it now is, in maintaining  
that childlike faith which hangs  
the earth and skies on the happy  
Christmas morning with the tapestries  
of love and hope and joy and  
which listens in faith to the angels  
as they sing:  
"All glory be to God on high,  
And to the earth be peace:  
Goodwill henceforth from heaven to men  
Begin and never cease."  
It was nothing more than natural  
that the shepherds should have been  
awed and alarmed by such an unear-  
thly display of heavenly forms, faces  
and voices—it was no more than we  
should realize if we should suddenly  
find ourselves in the midst of such  
surroundings; but it has always ap-  
peared strange to us that such should  
be the case—that man who is ever the  
object of Divine love and solicitude,  
should shrink and shudder and faint  
at the approach of heavenly messen-  
gers, whose very natures are aflame  
with love for us and who always cry  
as they come—"Fear not! For behold,  
we bring you glad tidings of great  
joy." We profess to believe in God  
and that there is a heaven above filled  
with angelic and spiritual intelligen-  
ces—how the whole universe would  
be draped with the pall of despair  
without such a faith—and yet, so un-  
real are they to us in our plodding  
within the dull boundaries of natural,  
earthly things—that if a supernatu-  
ral light should suddenly blaze about  
us and heavenly forms reveal them-  
selves, and songs articulate from an-  
gel tongues burst upon our ears—we  
too would shake with astonishment  
and fear and fall down as dead men  
with our faces in the dust. So might-  
ily do our carnal natures bear us  
down and bind us in identity and  
servitude to subhuman things. God  
of wonder and grace, we bless Thee  
and thank Thee, notwithstanding our  
low estate, that Thou hast created us  
for higher things and that Thou  
shalt yet fit us for companionship,  
without fear, with thy glorious fam-  
ily in heaven.

But this heavenly visitation did  
not necessarily burst unheralded upon  
human eyes and ears. The coming  
of Him who "was foreordained before  
the foundation of the world" has  
been proclaimed through all the ages  
—all the sacrifices offered since the  
promise that the seed of woman  
should bruise the serpent's head, from  
the blood of Abel to the close of the  
sacred dispensation, had their on-  
ly real significance in and pointed, as  
with a flaming index finger, to the fi-

nal coming of the Lamb of God. All  
the beautiful histories of Abraham,  
Moses and Joshua, of Joseph and David  
and all the Kings and Prophets,  
were intended as preparatory to the  
final revelation and work of God in  
the coming of Jesus Christ. This  
great purpose of God, running through  
all the opening ages, is plainly seen  
like an unbroken chord, string all the  
ancient scriptures into one unfolding  
and harmonious design. Great and  
momentous interest to in-  
dividuals and tribes and nations at-  
tached literally and locally to the  
lives and offices of men and women  
who were temporarily instruments in  
the development of God's great plan;  
but the paramount significance of all  
was the prophetic relation they bore to  
the advent of Him whom God has  
promised as humanity's great Prophe-  
t, Priest and King. For long, dark  
ages moral night hung almost univer-  
sally about the world, but from time  
to time prophetic stars would rise and  
shine and burn on the black horizon  
as gleaming harbingers of the com-  
ing day. But as the non-luminous  
members of the world systems shine  
only in the reflected light of burn-  
ing, central suns, so every human  
planet in the prophetic galaxy of ante-  
christian days, at his best and bright-  
est shining, hung only as an orb  
of light in the gross darkness, reflect-  
ing the effulgent rays of the all-glori-  
ous Sun of Righteousness which was  
to arise with healing in his wings.

One thing that has always staggered  
human faith and hope is, that a  
thousand years with God, is as one  
day, so that men in all ages, in their  
great impatience, have counted that  
God is slack concerning His purposes  
and promises. But children grow  
impatient with the most loving par-  
ents, who are making all possible  
haste to supply their wants. The  
most startling thing in the history of  
the world is, that even a  
day with God finally comes to an end.  
At last, in the fullness of time, the  
long, dark night of a thousand years  
was about to disappear and all the  
prophetic lights to lose themselves in  
the perfect dawn of day. Men on  
earth are not only impressed with the  
fact that a great revelation from heav-  
en is about to be accomplished, but  
the angels themselves, who for ages  
have desired to understand the mys-  
teries of God's promises concerning  
the promises to men, have solved the  
problem and understand that a Re-  
deemer—one who is mighty to save—is  
about to be sent. This is a beau-  
tiful and blessed thought and one  
which comparts clearly with reason  
and revelation, that is, that above us  
nearer to the Divine mind is an angelic  
order of intelligences who are in  
full sympathy with us, and who first  
receive from the Infinite Father new  
revelations of His purposes, and who  
go through the uttermost parts of the  
earth as ministering angels, impres-  
sing the minds of men with that  
which is coming to pass. It is a truth  
that "coming events cast their  
shadows before" and there is a divine  
cause for the unexplained phenom-  
enon. Oh, beautiful earth, hanging  
in midheaven, compassed with sound-  
ing seas, and rolling rivers, and cloud-  
capped mountains, and valleys  
and plains—inhabited by men who  
bear the image of God, and over-  
hung by the infinite and starry skies—  
What a spectacle! And yet, what a  
lonely, lost atom, is all the lost world  
and all that moves upon it, and what  
despair abides amid all the stars and  
the fields of space if there are no heav-  
enly intelligences and voices above  
us and beyond us! But the earth and  
its environments are but a beautiful  
suburb, with sunlit avenues of light  
leading into the great central citadel  
of God, and the angelic messengers  
are moving in and out, impressing  
the minds of men with the fact that  
things which for ages have been fore-  
told by God's prophets, and which  
have been on record in the divine  
word, but which, through human un-  
belief and indifference, have been neg-  
lected and forgotten.

The greatest event in the history of  
creation is now about to transpire—  
the minds of men are now ready for  
it, and they are searching the prophe-  
cies and watching the gates of heav-  
en for the advent of Him who was to  
come. Poor, affrighted shepherds,  
why are ye so dismayed? The vision  
at which ye tremble and fall upon  
your faces and faint is but the procla-  
mation of earth's emancipation from  
sin and death. Grand old Is-  
rah's prophecy of hundreds of years is  
at last fulfilled. "A child is born;  
unto us a Son is given, and His name  
shall be called Emmanuel, Wonder-  
ful Counsellor, the Mighty God, the  
Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."  
A select company of rejoicing  
angels are commissioned to fly to the  
hills of Bethlehem and make the offi-  
cial announcement. What a privi-  
lege, what angelic distinction and  
honor must have been conferred up-  
on the angels who composed that glo-  
rious embassy. What burning desire,  
what holy rivalry, what heavenly am-  
bition must have been stirred up  
among the angelic multitudes to go  
upon such a blessed errand. In our  
childhood, we well remember, it gave  
us this unspeakable pleasure to be se-  
lected by parents or teachers as the  
bearer of good news, especially as the

bearers of messages of pardon and for-  
giveness to those whose offences and  
disobedience had led them into suffer-  
ing and trouble. If others were ap-  
pointed with us they had to be fleet  
of foot not to be outstripped by us in  
the race. And so eager would we be to  
communicate the message of pardon  
and good will, that we would cry out  
as we ran. "It's all right! It's all right!"  
Who will say that such divine emu-  
lation did not burn in the hearts of  
the fleet winged couriers appointed to  
bear the message of God's forgiveness  
and love to a sin-smitten world? Cer-  
tainly it is that one mighty angel out-  
ran all the rest, and as he rushed  
through the silent, overbearing  
night, in the eagerness of his great  
angelic soul, he shouted down to the  
shepherds, "Fear not," it's all right!  
"For behold, I," not we, but "behold,  
I bring you good tidings of great joy."  
And then, as if in haste to tell the  
whole blessed story just in the same  
breath, he continued, "For unto you is  
born this day, in the City of David,  
a Savior, which is Christ, the Lord!"  
Scarcely had he ended the joyful  
words when the angelic multitude,  
whom he had distanced in the flight,  
rushed into view, and finding that  
there was nothing left for them to  
tell, poised on their shining wings in  
mid-heaven, they hurst with one  
voice into that choral song which is  
sounding on, and yet shall fill all the  
earth and skies with music and joy.  
"Glory to God in the highest! Peace  
on earth! Good will to men!"

Oh, joyful, magical, blessed Christ-  
mas time! May the echoes of that  
heavenly song fall in the sweet me-  
lodies of pardon and love, and peace  
upon every heart and every home in-  
to which this message shall come.  
May every soul be touched and soft-  
ened to the tenderness and love and  
pity for Him who came in the manger,  
who poured out upon the world the  
boundless love of God, and who went  
up from us into the mansions which  
He is preparing for us in our Father's  
house by the way of the Cross and  
Olivet! Who is to pass from the home  
circle on earth to the home above the  
coming year? Shall mother, father,  
sister, friend be with us when Christ-  
mas comes again? Oh, let this be one  
of unalloyed love and joy. Let those  
who have full hands open them to the  
empty palms of the poor and needy.  
Fill every home with a joyful sur-  
prise to the dear confiding little ones,  
and every heart with a loving remem-  
brance of Him whose blessed birth  
the whole round world is celebrating.  
Let estranged and separated friends,  
and neighbors meet, forgive and  
weave around each other's hearts and  
homes again the strong, tender ties  
of love and friendship. Those whom  
we ought, and whom we intended to  
forgive, will not be here next Christ-  
mas time, or we ourselves will be  
beyond the reach of the long-intended,  
but long-delayed forgiveness and love  
of others when the holy bells ring out  
another happy Christmas morn. Oh,  
let Christ come in! Let peace and love  
and joy fill earth and heaven.

Resolutions of the

Literary Society of McHenry Col-  
ored School, McHenry, Ky.  
WHEREAS, It has pleased the All-  
wise God in His wise providence to  
call from our midst on November 24,  
1893, our beloved little school-mate,  
Avangie Belle Taylor.

RESOLVED, That while we mourn  
the loss of our deceased school-mate,  
we bow in humble submission to Him  
who is the great ruler of the universe.

RESOLVED, That in the death of  
little Avangie the school has lost one  
of its brightest scholars, and her par-  
ents a loving and obedient child.

RESOLVED, That we extend to her  
family and friends our sympathy in  
their bereavement.

RESOLVED, That these resolutions  
be spread upon the record of this so-  
ciety, and that a copy be sent to the  
family of the deceased.

RESOLVED, That a copy of these  
resolutions be sent to The Hartford  
REPUBLICAN and requested to publish  
the same.

THOMAS MCKEYNOLDS,  
JOHN DANZ,  
ARDE TAYLOR, Com.

Stated meeting of the Hartford  
Lodge, No. 675, F. & A. Masons, first  
Monday night in each month. All  
brethren are invited to attend regular.

W. H. MOORE, W. M.  
H. WEINSHIMER, Sec'y.

All communica-  
tions and business let-  
ters should be ad-  
dressed, not to the  
editor personally for  
he is away much of  
the time, but to THE  
REPUBLICAN, Hart-  
ford, Ky. This in-  
sures prompt atten-  
tion.

Eli Perkins will  
lecture at the Court  
House December 23.

PROFESSIONAL CARD.

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GLENN & WEDDING,  
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SCHEDULE IN EFFECT NOV. 1, 1893.  
No. 1, No. 2,  
Daily, Daily.

WEST BOUND.  
Lv. Louisville..... 7:45 a. m. 6:30 p. m.  
West Point..... 8:15 a. m. 7:00 p. m.  
Bardonia..... 8:45 a. m. 7:30 p. m.  
Irvington..... 9:15 a. m. 8:00 p. m.  
Clermont..... 9:45 a. m. 8:30 p. m.  
Clermont..... 10:15 a. m. 8:45 p. m.  
Lawrenceville..... 10:45 a. m. 9:15 p. m.  
Lawrenceville..... 11:15 a. m. 9:45 p. m.  
Owensboro..... 12:15 p. m. 11:15 p. m.  
Spottsville..... 1:00 p. m. 11:00 p. m.  
Ar. Henderson..... 1:30 p. m. 11:30 p. m.

EAST BOUND.  
No. 3, No. 4,  
Daily, Daily.

Lv. Henderson..... 7:35 a. m. 6:15 p. m.  
Spottsville..... 7:55 a. m. 6:35 p. m.  
Owensboro..... 8:25 a. m. 6:45 p. m.  
Lawrenceville..... 8:55 a. m. 7:15 p. m.  
Lawrenceville..... 9:25 a. m. 7:45 p. m.  
Clermont..... 9:55 a. m. 8:15 p. m.  
Clermont..... 10:25 a. m. 8:45 p. m.  
Irvington..... 10:55 a. m. 9:15 p. m.  
Bardonia..... 11:25 a. m. 9:45 p. m.  
West Point..... 12:00 p. m. 10:00 p. m.  
Ar. Louisville..... 1:00 p. m. 10:00 p. m.

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at Irvington (Sunday excepted) with trains on Louis-  
ville, Hartsville & Western R. R. east and  
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All who have a family of children  
should have a copy of this book.  
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and not of opinions. It is a book  
of facts, and not of opinions. It is  
a book of facts, and not of opinions.



# Hartford Republican

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

JO. H. ROGERS, Editor and Proprietor

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1893.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS.

### FOR ANNESSOR.

WE ARE AUTHORIZED TO ANNOUNCE

DEE L. MILLER

As a candidate for Assessor of Ohio county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

### FOR JAILOR.

WE ARE AUTHORIZED TO ANNOUNCE

J. E. ASHBY

As a candidate for the office of Jailer of Ohio county, subject to the action of the Republican party and the will of the people.

### FOR JAILOR.

WE ARE AUTHORIZED TO ANNOUNCE

JOHN W. BLACK

As a candidate for the office of Jailer of Ohio county, subject to the action of the Republican party.

In the recent election for State Senator in this District, Taylor received 3,750, Whitaker 3,204 and Bean 859, giving Taylor a plurality of 546.

AFTER much wandering our old friend, Judge B. L. D. Gully, of Morgantown, comes back on the Lord's side and says he is henceforth a Republican. Judge, here's to you, and wishing you many years of well-requited labor in the great cause of Republicanism. Read his able article elsewhere in this issue.

The late School Law is a very great improvement over the old but there is still much room for improvement. Among the changes that could be very profitably made are the following: That part of Section 78 which requires the Trustees to furnish each School-house with "a seat, patent or otherwise," should be made to read "patent or otherwise, in the discretion of the County Superintendent." Such a change would prevent Boards of Trustees with old fogy ideas from wasting their District's money on home-made seats, and at the same time prevent a monopoly of the patent desk business. The law relative to the purchase of charts should be made more explicit and more binding. In determining the salaries of County Superintendents the minimum allowance for each pupil in the county should be raised from eight to twelve cents.

The Caneyville Herald has the following to say regarding their Sunday Schools and Christmas:

The Caneyville Sunday School will not celebrate Christmas by decorating the church and preparing a feast of fruits and candies. Neither will the Sunday School members commit to memory and recite poetry and whole chapters of the New Testament, for alas! Caneyville has no Sunday School. It is not because Caneyville has no little boys and girls, and grown up people, too, that ought to attend Sunday School but because er—well, just because.

Hartford will have a Christmas Tree, however, and she has three Sunday Schools, too, and there will be many a bustling and wide-awake urchin on hand that night to enjoy the blessings of a Sunday School Christmas Tree who haven't been to Sunday School in six weeks. And there'll be some old sinners there, too, of whom as much could be truthfully said. But such is life and we agree that Caneyville should have a Sunday School as Mr. Newman says.

The late School Law requires all School-houses "hereafter erected" to be furnished with locks and keys. This is a good law so far as it goes, the fault is that it does not go far enough. The law should require every house to be furnished with lock and key and not limit the requirement to those "hereafter" built. But Trustees are fully authorized independent on a direct requirement to take all precautions necessary for the protection of the School house and so it would be but the part of wisdom to furnish these equipments at once. Why should so many good houses in the county be left standing practically open during seven months of the year with no protection against the tramps and young bloods who might wish to invade them? Trustees would do well, also, to furnish their School-houses with window shutters. Every school-house should be insured against fire and other casualties, thus giving to the districts the greatest possible security. These things will cost but a small outlay of money and will be quite cheap considering their importance.

So long as the Democratic party could subvert the interests of Slavery and prolong the supremacy of the Slave Oligarchy there were no Democratic Presidents spinning fine theories about "American honor, integrity and morality." When did the Democratic party ever do anything that could impress the student of history that the party had any well defined ideas on these things, anyway? When Texas with her 240,000 square miles of territory was the coveted prize in the gaze of the Slave Power, the Democratic party cast "American honor, integrity and morality" to the four winds and literally robbed a sister Republic of her rightful territory and that in the name and by the authority of the United States. But when the better element of a weak, insolent and impotent monarchy seeks proper to throw off the authority

which affords them little safety, either of life, property or trade and to establish a government for the people, looking toward Republican institutions and a more stable and permanent body politic, thus securing protection for life property and trade and a respectable place among nations—we repeat, when this is the state of the case, a great stultified prophet whose private nor public life is any too moral, places himself upon his supposed dignity and poses as a great international moralist. What a spectacle! A great pity Grover didn't think of his great love for morality while he was a gay lark at Buffalo or when he was bargaining with Gresham and Van Allen. The simple truth is Grover Cleveland thought to do something to bring himself into notice on the score of a political iconoclast and at once proceeded to tearing down the good works of the previous Administration. He struck the Hawaiian question and the Hawaiian question struck him, and he has failed to recover to this good hour. Mr. Cleveland will make a very unenviable reputation in his efforts to bring the Harrison Administration into disrepute.

NOTHING can be truer than the assertion that evils die hard and that barbarism makes a strong fight even in the last ditch. Slavery died hard. It died amid the convulsions of the mightiest civil conflict of all time. The immediate cause of its death, too, was its own conscious fear of dissolution which it knew to be inevitable and believed would be early. That question is settled, was settled by the sword. But there is another barbarism which is our heritage handed down from yore olden time and with which common sense and decency have long contended with some measure of success. But this barbarism is not one that is a fit subject for the arbitrament of the sword; unfortunately it is beyond so summary a method of dealing. It is a barbarism whose miserable existence is due to the propagation of a diseased public opinion which once rolled it is as a sweet morsel under the tongue; a barbarism—the bosome of whose advocates and abettors are pervaded by the spirit of old loggism and whose backs are covered with moss. This mean and uncouth remains of an age long gone is just now making itself felt to the great disturbance of a few neighborhoods of the county which are so unfortunate as to be still its hiding places. This parasite, which continues to cling so tenaciously to life, is the bug dead custom but the still disgraceful exception of "turning out the teacher." As the country has become more civilized, this senseless custom has fallen into disrepute, although nine-tenths of the teachers "treat" their schools every year. But now and then a school is disturbed by the revival of this remnant of the age of barbarism, and the teacher "turned out." Last week, however, the climax was reached. It was, years ago, nothing uncommon to hear of a teacher being pounced upon by a hall dozen of the "big boys" and "ducked." Even last year sensible people were ashamed to acknowledge that the county had again been made the victim of this foolish attempt to be smart on the part of the young nicks and a young teacher was plunged under the ice, but it remains for the climax to be reached in the good year of 1893. Last week two of Ohio county's most estimable young lady teachers were "turned out," although both expected to "treat." But this was not taken into account by those bent on doing something smart, and the young laddies were hurried away, one of them to the creek and the other to a pond, to be "ducked." If such occurrences as these do not compass the death of this nefarious practice, then we have no way of conceiving the utter depravity of public opinion.

An Age of Progress. In obedience to the demand of the age and the law of our State, our schools are to be furnished with globes, maps, charts, etc., and there is some misunderstanding among our Trustees as to the purchasing of charts. Some think they have a choice between something and nothing, but that is not the spirit of the law, and we find the Teacher's Normal Series well adapted to our schools.

Eli Perkins at the Court House.

DEANFIELD. Miss Kate Thursting is very sick. E. S. Miller has a very severe attack of the gripple.

Mr. G. C. Roberts, of Owensboro, is again visiting our little town. Miss Ella Westerfield, of Owensboro, who has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. Mollie Moore, for several days, returned home Saturday.

Mr. J. W. Loyal put a splendid grate in Mr. D. S. Miller's office last week. Mr. Morrison is erecting a new building on Main Street for Steve Moore. Steve says he intends to make his house a thing of beauty.

Mr. J. J. Huff, our popular druggist, believes that he is the most important man in town, for he says all of the crippled women belong to him. Miss Lizzie Held, who has been in Owensboro for four months, returned home Saturday, gladdening the hearts of several of our young men.

Mr. Kit Rhoads and wife are visiting in Roseville. Miss Don Taylor, of Owensboro, is

visiting Mrs. Carl Lanham, of Reynolds Station, and during the long winter nights a certain young gentleman never gets lonesome.

Miss Belle Whittinghill, who is teaching a good school at Reynolds Station, spent Saturday and Sunday with her mother at Kosine.

Miss Eva Pirtle, who visited her parents near Hartford during Thanksgiving, reports quite a pleasant time.

Mr. James Burns and family moved into our town Saturday and now we have no empty houses in our town.

Misses Ona and Mary Wade are still attending the great revival at Roseville, conducted by Revs. Coleman and Birch.

The friends of Mrs. Mary A. Coleman gave her a pleasant surprise last Tuesday by preparing her a nice birthday dinner. She is sixty-nine and will preserve for one of her age, scarcely ever being sick.

Miss Harris Pirtle, of near Hartford, visited her sister, Miss Eva, last week.

Mrs. Mary McCarty, of Roseville, and Miss Webb McCarty, Whitesville, were the guests of Mrs. G. W. Kelley Friday night.

Miss Mary King, who has been in Owensboro for some time, returned to home in our little city Thursday.

Miss Emma Kelley was in Owensboro several days last week, and a certain young gentleman says he wishes she would never leave home again.

Misses Abbie Smith and Jennie Reynolds, of Roseville, made a flying trip to this place, Thursday.

Miss Eva Pirtle visited Mrs. Emma Kelley Sunday.

Mr. Clint Roberts was very much frightened Saturday night by hearing what he supposed to be a suppressed cough under his bed, and on examination he found three persons there, and at the point of a six-shooter he made them tell their business. They stated that they merely went under there for amusement, but Mr. Roberts is not much of a hand for foolishness and he requested them to forever forbear attempting anything of the kind in the future.

Dear reader do you ever visit THE REPUBLICAN office? If you have you will realize what I shall attempt to impart to you. If not you have missed a pleasant call. Your correspondent had the pleasure of such a visit recently and it is useless to say I enjoyed it. When you enter the office, which is located on Main Street, you 'most always find on your left, seated in his arm chair, the venerable old gentleman, whom we know to be Mr. J. O. Rogers. The throats of many winters have silvered his locks, yet in no wise blunted his intellect. For yet, we find him one of Ohio county's brainiest men. On proceeding to the next department we meet with the bright faces of Messrs. Anderson and Barnett. They, too, are men of intelligence, who understand their business and mean to do it. They have been engaged in the work many long years and take pleasure in showing you through the office and explaining to you the many little incidents which go to make the compositor's life interesting. I respectfully invite you to give them a call.

Fordville is on a boom. The streets are still muddy. Our banker, Mr. I. C. Adair, reports business good with him. Mr. Frank Haswell, of Hardinsburg, spent a few days with Mr. Z. B. Butler's family last week.

Miss Sallie Daniel, of Cloverport, is the guest of Miss Daniel Hays.

Mrs. Georgia Graves spent a few days at Horse Branch last week.

Prof. F. P. Stum, of Whitesville, spent Saturday and Sunday in town.

Miss Eva Pirtle, of Evansville, spent Sunday with her sister in town.

Mrs. Mollie Davidson and little daughter, Ava, visited her mother at Deanfield last Saturday.

Miss Georgie Pirtle, of near Sulphur Springs, has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Tabor, of town.

Mr. Clarence Smith and lady entertained quite a number of their friends last Saturday night.

The young folks' social given by Master Clarence Smith Miller was quite a success.

The prayer meetings and Sunday Schools at this place are progressing nicely.

Willie Bradford met with quite a painful accident last week while taking a horse to water. The horse became frightened and ran some distance when it fell, catching the boy between the horse and ground, injuring him very badly.

Success to THE REPUBLICAN.

JAUNITA.

We have at this office blank warrants, subpoenas for sale cheap. Send your order to us and we will fill it promptly.

KINDERHOOK. Dec. 18.—We hear the merry Christmas bells ringing and it won't be long before old Santa Claus will be seen loading up his little wagon with the nicest of things to take to the nice little boys and girls.

Business is dull in our vicinity. The farmers are through gathering corn and are prepared to enjoy the winter sitting around the fire, discussing the events of the past year.

J. W. Stevens went to Whitesville last Saturday, returning Sunday.

Miss Alice Morris, of near Sulphur Springs, is visiting in the neighborhood, the guest of Misses Magnolia and Viola Lake.

D. L. Smith and wife, of Owensboro,

visited in the Washington neighborhood, recently.

J. Allen Anderson is erecting a house on his father's farm, which he will occupy when completed.

U. C. Barnett was at home Saturday and Sunday.

Jo. B. Rogers, wife and two children, spent Saturday night and Sunday in Kinderhook, the guests of Mrs. Amanda Barnett.

R. P. Baird and sister, Miss Pradie, spent Sunday in the Washington neighborhood, the guests of the Misses Smith.

Miss Oma Tanner spent Saturday night and Sunday in Kinderhook.

The Boda boys and the Kinderhook boys are contemplating a game of base ball Christmas day.

It is with sorrow that we chronicle the sudden death of Mrs. Alonzo Stevens, of this place, who bade farewell to this unfriendly world on the evening of the 15th of December, 1893. She had been sick for some time with that dread disease consumption. She leaves a husband and four children to mourn her untimely departure.

A. S. M.

Ask Your Friends

Who have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla what they think of it, and the replies will be positive in its favor. Simply what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story of its merit. One has been cured of indigestion or dyspepsia, another finds it indispensable for sick headache or biliousness, while others report remarkable cures of scrofula, catarrh, rheumatism, salt rheum, etc.

Hood's PILLS are purely vegetable.

Building Material.

Any one needing building material of any kind, such as lumber, ceiling, flooring, windows, sash, doors, lime, cement, or builders hardware, would do well to call on or write to Cary & Marble, Owensboro, Ky.

It Never Fails.

Harris & Buquo, Erin, Tenn., manufacturers of the celebrated Erin Lime have in their employ, in the various departments of their business, several hundred men. The firm writes for Drummond's Lightning Remedy for Rheumatism, and say they have cured in every instance. The remedy always gives satisfaction. If the druggist cannot furnish it, write to the Drummond Medicine Co., 48-50 Maiden Lane, New York, and the remedy will be sent to your address Agents wanted.

Valuable Farm for Sale.

We offer at private sale the farm of the late Jo C. Barnett, four miles west of Hartford, containing about 225 acres. Good dwelling and outbuildings, and an abundance of stock water. Land and all fencing in the best condition. For further particulars and terms of sale, address or call on the undersigned.

WOOD TINSLEY, Executors. 25tf C. M. HARKETT, )

Announcements for Hoyt M. E. Church.

There will be a Concert given at the M. E. Church, Hayti, to-morrow night, for the benefit of the Church.

Christmas Tree Monday night, December 25.

Rev. G. J. Bean will deliver a lecture to the Sunday School on Sunday January 7, 1894.

A large attendance is desired and expected on all these occasions.

G. W. NALL.

School Trustees.

There is a mistaken idea in our county that the trustees can wait until the very last month before goods are purchased to fulfill the law. This is a mistake. If all the School-Supply Houses in the United States would put all their salesmen in the State of Kentucky at once, they could not get over the State in two months, and our trustees can purchase now and have the goods delivered next September and get plenty of time from date of delivery to levy a tax and pay for the goods. If you wait until next summer you may have the prices raised and you will have to wait the goods and you will beat their mercy. AN EDUCATOR.

"How About the Weather?"

The Weekly Courier-Journal, published at Louisville, Ky., delights in keeping its subscribers guessing. In addition to being the greatest Democratic newspaper published, it has been a pioneer in enterprises that require thought and figuring on the part of its subscribers. The Weekly's estimating contest on the election in 1892, by which \$14,400 in gold coin were distributed among forty-five guessers, is a sample of this. The latest guessing offer of this paper is on the weather—that one subject on which we all consider ourselves prophets.

The Weekly Courier-Journal proposes to give away \$1,000 in cash to its subscribers who can name the coldest day in February, 1894, at Louisville, Ky., and guess closest to the lowest temperature on this day. The contest closes January 31, 1894. Every new subscriber who sends \$1, can make one guess; and every old subscriber who renews, sending \$1, can guess. Send for a sample copy of the paper for full particulars. Write at once as the time is short.

WESTERFIELD. Dec. 18.—The series of meetings, which have been in progress for two weeks, at Bells Run, closed yesterday. Thirty-five additions to the church were secured. The ordinance of baptism was administered yesterday by the pastor, Rev. B. F. Jenkins, who was ably assisted during the meeting by Rev. W. D. Cox.

Married, at Bells Run, on the 14th inst., by Rev. W. D. Cox, Mr. R. S. McKinley to Miss Ida Taylor. We join with a host of friends in wishing them a long and prosperous life.

George W. Taylor, who has been

confined to his bed for several weeks, is able to be out again.

The school at this place is progressing nicely under the supervision of that accomplished lady, Miss Ada Jett.

J. A. Westerfield, of Pleasant Ridge, was in attendance at the baptizing here yesterday.

Prof. C. M. Hicks, who is teaching the Mosley school, near here, attended the Teacher's Association of Hartford Magisterial District, last Saturday.

Prof. W. C. Gray, of Mt. Moriah, was present at the baptizing yesterday.

Ed Wallace, of Fordsville, was the guest of—well, his best girl Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Emma Park, of Clear Run, was the guest of M. Yates' family several days last week.

B. W. Taylor and wife, of Pleasant Ridge, visited relatives here Saturday and Sunday.

DON JUAN.

Program

Of the Colored Teachers Association to be held in the Hartford Magisterial District, the first Saturday in January, 1894, at 7:30 p. m., at the colored Baptist Church:

Music. Invocation—Ben Coleman. Music. Essay—V. N. Kuykendall.

What is the best method of teaching Spelling—Samantha Bracken. Discussion.

Solo and Chorus—Margery Hinton and others.

What will be the final destiny of the Negro?—S. M. Taylor. Discussion. Reading—Charlotte Eidson.

Interpretation—Miss M. Hinton Song—Georgia Walker. Recitation—Minnie Taylor. Essay—Celestine Chinn.

What are some of the most suitable books for teachers to read?—Mrs. W. G. Parks.

Select Reading—Bertha Beard. Essay—Lizzie Ingles.

Paper—P. A. Gary. Should Corporal punishment be excluded from the Common Schools?—This subject was not discussed at the last Association, but will be discussed at this one. Affirmative: Crit Parks, Jack Shultz. Negative: Anderson Thomas and Calvin Taylor. Discussion by others.

Closing Address—Jo. B. Rogers. Report of Committee on Resolutions and Miscellaneous business of the Association.

Adjournment.

S. M. TAYLOR, Pres. C. T. EIDSON, Sec'y.

Our Offer.

For \$1.25 we will send The Republican and New York Tribune both for one year.

For \$1.25 we will send you The Republican and the Home and Farm both one year.

We will send you The Republican and the Louisville Weekly Commercial both one year for \$1.40.

We will send you The Republican and the Courier-Journal both one year for \$1.75.

We will send you The Republican and Cosmopolitan both one year for \$2.00.

We will send you The Republican and the Toledo Blade both one year for \$1.75.

THE WEEKLY

Courier-Journal

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THE REPUBLICAN and the Weekly Courier Journal will be sent one year to any address for \$1.75.

Address THE REPUBLICAN, Hartford, Ky.

Coughing leads to Consumption; Kemp's Balsam stops the cough at once.

## A VIPER IN HIS BOSOM.

Mr. Thrummer's Hair-Whitening Experience With a Tarantula.

The life of a tarantula is as dangerous as fatal as that of a rattlesnake, and without prompt attention the sufferer dies in an hour or two. It was from one of these creatures that John Thrummer of this place received a fright lately that nearly turned his hair white in a few minutes.

Putting on his outer shirt a few mornings ago he felt something fall from one of his sleeves onto his breast and through the opening of his undershirt onto his naked flesh. Looking down he saw an enormous spider coiled up and seemingly half dead from cold. But getting warmed with the heat of his body it presently began to straighten out its long limbs covered with coarse, red bristles, and before Thrummer could knock it out was plainly its old aggressive self.

Mr. Thrummer did not dare seize it with his fingers lest it fasten on them, nor did he dare to make any movement to dislodge it for fear that it would instantly fix its jaws in his flesh. He called his wife softly, but she was still asleep. He dare not leave over to touch her, so he continued to call her softly until at last she opened her eyes. Then he told her to get up and take the tongs and remove the creature as quickly as possible so as not to give it warning of what she was about, lest it might bite him.

Mrs. Thrummer, from her husband's quiet tone, thought at first that he was jesting and pulled open the shirt to look for herself, when she saw the tarantula. The creature also saw her, and still clinging to the man's breast bristled all over with menace. Therefore getting up without more noise than could be helped she ran for the tongs and apprehended the spot where the insect lay.

But as if it divined that she was about to seize it, it suddenly ran up to Mr. Thrummer's left shoulder and over on his back. Only able to guess at its exact whereabouts Mrs. Thrummer was at first afraid to try and seize it for fear that she would not locate it right and that it would bury its terrible fangs in her husband. But at last, seeing it move slightly, she made a sudden lunge at it, and catching it well between the prongs of the tongs held it firmly, squeezing it as tightly as she could, endeavoring to kill it or at least render it so that it would not be able to bite. Another of the family now coming in, the shirt was cut away. Thrummer was so nervous that he sobbed like a child. Mrs. Thrummer let go her hold, and the giant spider fell to the floor.

But though badly crushed, it was not dead and showed fight at once. It ran at Mrs. Thrummer fiercely, attempting to get at her bare foot, and had to be beaten off with a broom.

It was finally captured and confined in a box with a glass top, but in a few days stung itself to death. It would fling itself upon the walls of its prison and endeavor to seize the wood with its mandibles in a sort of fury. Mr. Thrummer is of the belief that were these creatures substituted for snakes the whole world would be prohibitionist. The one that paid him so unwelcome a visit was one of the largest ever seen in those parts, nearly covering, with its legs extended, a large sinner. It had probably sought the house for warmth.—Fredericksburg (Tex.) Correspondent.

At Pusterthal, in Austria-Hungary, recently, a young woman about 24 years of age, while ascending a mountain, slipped and rolled down a precipice till stopped by the bough of a tree. In this perilous position she remained for two days and two nights.

It was a Philadelphia little boy who went to church and heard a preacher announce repeatedly and emphatically his text, "I am God." As the audience slowly filed out, the boy, according to The Press, piped up, "Papa, is that really God?"

Italian ships are worked cheaper than those of any other nation. The monthly expense of an Italian ship with a crew of 20 men is about \$475; of an American ship, \$1,000.

Sir Isaac Newton was not a smoker, although he had the reputation of the "smoking philosopher." He did not use tobacco in any form.

Among the Zulus, young people fight and get married. In this country they get married first and fight afterward.

Judge Gary and the Jurors.

Judge Gary has always had an especial dislike for men who try to shirk jury service on flimsy excuses, and a number of good stories are told of experiences that venomous men have had with him. A little German once tried to get out of jury service on the plea that he could not speak good English.

"You'll not have to speak any at all," said the judge.

"Well, shudge, I don't think I make a good shuror anyhow," persisted the juror.

"Why not?"

"Well," with a motion toward the attorneys in the case, "I don't understand nothings what dose fellers say."

"Neither does my one else. Sit down!" thundered the judge.

Another juror put in a sick excuse.

"Have you anything from your doctor to that effect?" asked the judge.

"Yes, sir," was the reply, and the doctor's certificate was handed up to him.

"That's a good doctor," said the judge.

"One of the best in the city," replied the juror.

"A very good doctor," went on the judge, not noticing what the juror had said. "He'll have you cured by next term of court beyond question. Report to me then without further summons."—Chicago Journal.

A True Patriot.

"How do you like France, mein herr? You spent six months there, I understand."

"Oh, the country is good enough, but the language is abominable."

"How so?"

"It's not half so musical as our German tongue. For example, when a German makes love to a woman he says 'Ich liebe dich.' Ich liebe dich! which certainly sounds very sweet. A Frenchman, on the other hand, grows 'Che fou n'ami! Che fou n'ami!' which to me sounds very brutal."—Paris Figaro.

## Sad and Gloomy

Weak and Dyspeptic

Hood's Sarsaparilla Gave Strength and Perfectly Cured.



Dr. J. R. White, Birmingham, Alabama.

"I have not words enough to express my thanks for the great benefits received from a few bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla. I was weak, and it made me strong; I was dyspeptic, and it cured me; I was sad and gloomy, and it made me cheerful and hopeful. And last, though not least, it made me an ardent and

working democrat. All who have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla with my advice, report good results. I gladly recommend it to all sufferers." J. R. WHITE, M. D., Birmingham, Ala.

N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy any other. Insist upon Hood's.

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic, gentle and effective. Try a box. 25 cents



# CHRISTMAS CHIMES

RING OUT on THE FROSTY AIR!

## Listen to their Merry Tones

### CHIME FIRST:

Come in! Come in!  
Come in to Fair Bros. & Co's

### CHIME SECOND:

And see their stock  
of Christmas Goods!

### CHIME THIRD:

Their assortment is  
The best in Town!

### CHIME FOURTH:

Their prices now  
Are Marked way Down!

### CHORUS

Swing out, ring out, clang with  
all our might!  
Call the people in to see the Merry  
Christmas sight!

## FAIR BROS. & CO.

—PROPRIETORS OF—

## HARTFORD TEMPLE OF FASHION.

## SPENCERIAN BUSINESS COLLEGES

The great practical Business Training School—Keypunch and Shorthand Colleges. They give a passport to business and success. Catalogue free. Knos Spencer, Pres't, J. F. Fish, Sec'y. Address: Spencerian College at Louisville, Ky., Owensboro, Ky., or Evansville, Ind.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1893.

### W. H. WILLIAMS LEADS.

Hall wants your butter and eggs.  
Hall has the finest meat shop in town.

If you want a bargain, call on Henry Nall.

New Millinery Goods for Christmas at Carson & Co's.

Take your produce to Hall, he pays the highest market price.

We are full of everything for the Christmas trade. CARSON & CO.

Hall keeps the wonderful Japanese Oil and all kinds of patent medicines.

See our stock of Umbrellas. CARSON & CO.

Go to Hall's for your flour. He has the cheapest and best on the market.

Lige Richardson and Miss Lou Cain, of Clear Run, were married last Sunday.

Baled hay, corn, bean and other feed store supplies, call on Henry Nall.

The Four-leaf Clover Shoe, the best Shoe on earth, can only be had at Carson & Co. 20 ct.

The handsomest stock of rugs that was ever brought to Hartford is at Carson & Co's.

Henry Nall has received a boat load of general feed store supplies. Give him a call.

If you need nice Xmas goods, C. R. Martin will serve you with any kind of goods kept by a jeweler.

FOR SALE.—A fine young horse. Cheap for cash. Apply to S. A. ANDERSON, Hartford, Ky.

If you are going to give your wife, mother or sister a Christmas present, come and see our stock of furniture, rugs, notions etc. CARSON & CO.

C. R. Martin can be found at A. D. White's store. Men, he is always ready to mend your watches clocks and jewelry.

C. H. Sutphen, Vice President, of the C. E. Meisse Company, Columbus, Ohio, is in our town looking after the interests of his Company.

The revival at the C. P. Church has been one of general interest. Revs. Watson and Crawford have labored earnestly and faithfully, and the Christian people of all denominations have entered with zeal into the work. At the Sunday morning service \$150 of the \$200 indebtedness on the house was raised. So far there have been 18 professions. Rev. Watson left for his home at Auburn Wednesday. The meeting was still in progress at time of going to press.

A new stock of trunks at Carson & Co's.

All Cloaks go at Cost at Fair Bros. & Co.

Nice pickled pig feet at W. H. Williams'.

Boots, all kinds, cheap at Fair Bros. & Co.

Pigs ten cents per pound at W. H. Williams.

Cranberries, 10c per quart, at W. H. Williams.

Blankets at your own price at Fair Bros. & Co.

W. H. Williams' is headquarters for Bananas.

See W. H. Williams' fine chestnuts, extra large—try them.

20lbs of granulated sugar for \$1, at W. H. Williams.

25lbs of BEST N. O. Sugar for \$1 at W. H. Williams.

W. H. Williams is headquarters for cheap fire-works.

Fresh Oysters and Celery in abundance at W. H. Williams.

Don't forget to call on Williams & Bell for Christmas goods.

Good rigs for hire day or night at Casebier & Burton's stable.

Buy Millinery now—prices will suit you at Fair Bros. & Co.

Nice peach and currant jelly—5c per pound at W. H. Williams. Try it.

Don't miss seeing Williams & Bell's line of Christmas goods before buying.

To enjoy Xmas, you must hear Perkins' lecture next Saturday night.

Don't go with an old cloak when Fair Bros. & Co. will sell you one at cost.

To make the Christmas 1893 merry Fair Bros. & Co. have cut prices in every department.

If you want a good ride to Beaver Dam, leave your order at Casebier & Burton's stable.

Yes, I leave my horse at Casebier & Burton's stable. I know they will take good care of him.

Born, to the wife of J. T. Funk, of the Clear Run neighborhood, on last Sunday, a boy, weight, 13 pounds.

Marriage license issued since our last report: G. W. Radcliff to Mrs. Hilda J. Lewis, J. S. China to Mrs. Anna Belle Shultz, E. C. Richardson to Miss Lila Cain, G. M. Bullock to Miss Cora E. Blacklock, D. Lee Barnes to Miss Ada Porter, C. N. Leisure to Miss Rachel C. Laniham, Edgar Iglehart to Miss Lucy E. Wimsatt, J. S. R. Wedding to Miss Lucy B. Townsend, Samuel James to Miss Adolphine Salome.

New Ties at Fair Bros. & Co's.

Toys for the children at Fair Bros. & Co.

Overcoats at Cost at Kahn's to quit the business.

Elegant line of Fascinators at Fair Bros. & Co.

At cost! At cost!! To quit the business at Kahn's.

Boots and Heavy Shoes at a bargain at Fair Bros. & Co.

High grade Underwear cheap at Fair Bros. & Co.

The Court Hall will be comfortably arranged for the lecture.

Bargains, bargains in all winter stock at Fair Bros. & Co.

Big line boys and girls' Yachting Caps at Fair Bros. & Co.

Closing out at cost to quit the business at Hartford at Kahn's.

The Clothing you want! Come to us and get your Clothing at Cost at Kahn's.

Ladies Button Shoes 85c., 90c., \$1.00 at Kahn's, at cost, to quit the business.

Young man if you don't take your girl to the lecture she will say you are "no good."

From now until January 1st, our entire line of Millinery goes at your own price at Fair Bros. & Co.

A large stock of STAPLE and FANCY groceries, wholesale and retail, constantly on hand, at W. H. Williams.

Williams & Bell have a nice line of Albums, Scrap Books, Gilt Books and numerous things that will make nice presents.

I am going into the Clothing Manufacturing business in Louisville, so come at once and get good bargains at Kahn's.

The three Sunday Schools of town have united forces as usual and will give a mammoth Christmas Tree Monday night.

Casbier & Burton are still in the lively business. Give them a call for anything in their line. They will treat you right.

Revs. J. B. Perryman and J. H. Frost, of the Methodist Church, are holding an interesting meeting at Sulphur Springs.

Amelie Carson, our hustling groceryman, will sell 25lbs of New Orleans Sugar for one dollar.

The C. E. Meisse Company, of Columbus, Ohio, will give our Trustees a fair deal in the county. They come well recommended.

A bargain and live times at Kahn's as he is selling out at cost to quit the Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoe business at Hartford.

Come now and get your Millinery. Miss Bennett, Hartford's best and stylish trimmer, will only be with Fair Bros. & Co. a short while longer.

Eli Perkins, the great and only one now living, will be here Saturday night. Be sure and hear him. The admission is so low you can almost hear him free.

A citizen of Hartford who has heard Perkins lecture says he would not miss hearing him Saturday night for \$10. It will only cost you 35 cents to hear him.

The time for holding the Hartford Teachers' Association has been changed from Saturday, December 23 to December 30. See program in last week's REPUBLICAN.

Little Pearl, the 6 year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Long, Dyersburg, Tennessee, died on Tuesday night, Dec. 12. The remains were interred at Rochester, Ky. on the 14th. The many friends of the family extend condolence.

Bill and John Billings, of Henderson county, who are in jail here, charged with breaking into Fitzhugh Renfrow's store, have composed a lively song, which they sing for parties who visit the jail. The boys are good singers and it will pay you to hear them.

Hilroy Romans, who has for some time been working as extra man for the railroad company at this and other points, has been given a regular position at Beaver Dam as night operator. Hilroy is a deserving young man and we are glad to see him thus promoted. —Caneyville Herald.

Rev. J. C. Buchanan and family have moved to Greenville, where they will make their future home. Our people regret to lose such good neighbors and such pleasant friends, but every body joins THE REPUBLICAN in wishing them a happy life in their new place in the Capital of the Muhlenbergs.

Revs. L. R. Barnett and Ed P. Crowe passed the examination at the White River Conference at its session at Jonesboro, Arkansas, last week and the former has been assigned work at Swifton and the latter at Wynne, Ark. Their many friends here will be pleased to learn of their good fortune. All join in wishing them much success and many souls for their hire in the great work of preaching the gospel.

In this issue we announce John W. Black, of East Hartford Precinct, as a candidate for Jailor of Ohio county, subject to the action of the Republican party. Mr. Black was a gallant member of the 17th Kentucky during the war and has been a life-long Republican. No man stands higher in the estimation of the people than John Black and he would make a reliable and painstaking officer.

Sauer Kraut at W. H. Williams'.

Fresh Baltimore oysters at Tracy & Son.

See Stevens & Collins' candies and fruits.

Fresh celery and cranberries at Tracy & Son's.

Pickles and Kraut at Stevens & Collins'.

All kinds of Jellies at Stevens & Collins'.

Taacy & Son gives full measure and full weight.

Candies, from 5c to 40c per pound at Stevens & Collins'.

Largest line of Xmas novelties in Hartford at Fair & Co.

Leave your Christmas orders at Stevens & Collins'.

Friends and Hecker's Rolled oats are found at Tracy & Son.

Fresh Cranberries, celery, oysters, etc., at Stevens & Collins'.

If you wish candies and fruits you will have to go to Tracy & Son.

Eli Perkins will get there, but Tracy & Son are getting there now.

Stevens & Collins have the finest line of fruits and candy in town.

For fresh eggs, prunes, oranges, Bananas, pears, go to Tracy & Son.

Finest line of candies, fancy and plain, are to be found at Tracy & Son.

For best prices and terms on School Supplies, Trustees should see W. A. Gibson.

The Rumsey Locks have been repaired so that boats can now pass through.

For Maps, Globes and charts of all kinds, at right prices, see W. A. Gibson.

THE REPUBLICAN is prepared to do all kinds of Job Work on short notice. Send in your orders.

Have your Christmas basket filled by Tracy & Son with the nicest candies and fruits in Hartford.

Pineapples, pears, grapes, oranges, cocoanuts, bananas, and all kinds of fruits, at Stevens & Collins'.

A 776 pound hog was shipped from Caneyville Wednesday. Grayson is some pumpkins when it comes to hogs.

Don't fail to try W. H. Williams' nice, new chrysanthemum preparation the finest and quickest way to make pies. Try it.

Mr. Thomas C. Taylor died at his home, near Paradise, last Friday. The remains were interred in the family burying grounds Saturday.

Trustees who furnish their school-houses with maps, charts, globes, etc., by ordering of W. A. Gibson get honest goods at honest prices.

All are glad to meet the pleasant face of Deputy Clerk Lon Rander again. Lon has been absent from his post about six weeks on account of sickness.

If you are looking for nice things in the grocery line, drop in at Tracy & Son' and they will sell you anything you need in that line. They keep the best.

School Trustees.—The necessary charts you have neglected to buy for your school district can be bought of W. A. Gibson, at prices that are right and on terms most reasonable.

Prof. Z. O. King, teaching at Westport writes: "I have just lost this p. n. one of my brightest little buds from the Primary Department—a sweet little girl. The School will bury the remains Saturday."

Mr. Samuel James and Miss Adolphine Salome, McHenry, were married at the Commercial Wednesday. THE REPUBLICAN extends congratulations.

Owing to sickness in my family I will not be able to fill the appointment made for me by Bro. Pate at Mt. Herman for next Sunday at 11 a. m.

ROBERT A. CROWE.

Prof. J. D. Crowe and wife of Temple, Texas, are the guests of Dr. E. B. Pendleton and wife. Prof. Crowe has many friends here who will be glad to hear that he was recently married to one of Texas' fair daughters—Miss Jenkins. They are now on their bridal tour.

That successful journalist and pleasant gentleman, Col. Ion B. Nall, of the Farmers' Home Journal, spent several days in town this week among his many friends. The Colonel brought his gun along and much of his time was spent in the fields making things lively for the feathered creatures, but we do him no injustice when we say that he is more apt with his pen than with his breech-loader.

The Standard of True Refinement. [DEMOCRAT'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.] A certain punctilious old gentleman used to say that no true lady would ever wear a stocking with a hole in it. The same idea was voiced by a girl of a later generation, who declared that she never felt like a lady when there was a button off her shoe. Each put into words an appreciation of the fact that more is required than outward correctness of appearance to mark the woman whose innate impulses are all toward refinement.

As the man of thorough breeding is to be recognized by his bearing to his inferiors, rather than by his conduct to his equals, as the good housekeeper is judged by the condition of her cellar and pantries, rather than by the state of her parlors, so is the truly refined lady distinguished more by the unobtrusive minutiae of her dress than by the outward effect.

### PERSONAL.

Jolly drummer Mills is in town.

Ex-Sheriff, S. C. Taylor is in town.

John Sep Brown, of Rochester, was in town yesterday.

Dr. Sanders, of Fordsville, was in town yesterday.

J. H. Nave, Beaver Dam, was in town yesterday.

D. Lee and Ed Barnes, Beaver Dam, were in town Monday night.

Win. M. Chancellor, Ceralvo, made our office a pleasant call Wednesday.

Mr. J. S. Boyd and family, of Emery, Texas, are visiting in the county.

Misses Lydia Morton and Corinne Cox went to Owensboro this morning.

Mr. D. Stuart Miller, Manager of Deafield Coal Mines, was in town yesterday.

Reet Westerfield, who is attending a medical college in St. Louis, Mo., is at home for the holidays.

C. H. Sutphen, representing Meisse' Normal Teachers' Series, is spending a few days in Ada, Ohio.

Miss Cora Felix, of the Victory neighborhood, is visiting the family of Mr. George Klein this week.

Mr. Charles B. Cooper, of Horton, who is under medical treatment by Dr. Baird, was in town yesterday.

W. A. Gibson returned Wednesday from a short visit to his many friends in and about Caneyville. He reports a pleasant time.

Miss Nola Westerfield, who has been engaged as Milliner at Gratz, Owen county, for several months, is at home for the winter.

Mrs. L. P. Loney and son, Clarence, of Uniontown, are visiting her mother, Mrs. Tichenor, of Centertown, and will remain until after the holidays.

Mr. John J. McHenry and wife and Miss Isabelle McHenry went to Louisville Monday. Mrs. McHenry and Miss McHenry will visit friends and relatives in Afton, Va., before returning home.

The little folks know where to go to get candies and things nice, at Tracy & Son.

You ought to slip into Martin's and see the prettiest stock of fancy goods ever brought to Hartford. Just received.

Corn Wanted. I will trade a New or Second-hand Singer Sewing Machine for corn at market price. Machine warranted. GROSS WILLIAMS, Agt.

Who Vouches for Chism? The Owensboro Messenger says: "There is on exhibition at Smith's store at Fordville a curiosity in the shape of a bickery pole 28 feet long and not over seven-eighths of an inch in diameter at the butt. It is almost straight and almost uniform in size all the way up. It was found near Fordville and its extreme height is accounted for by the fact that in its growth it was supported by grape vines. The story is vouched for by Mr. J. C. Chism."

The Trustees of Georgetown College have provided to give free tuition so three young men from each county in the State on the following conditions:

1st. That they are unable to pay their tuition.

2d. That they are young men of moral character.

3d. That they have been studious and give promise of good application. Apply to County Superintendent.

Holiday Rates. The Louisville, St. Louis & Texas Railroad Co. will make rates of one fare for the round trip, between all stations on its lines, for the Holidays. Tickets will be placed on sale December 23, good returning January 2, '94. For further information call on or address Agents, or

H. C. MORDELL, Asst'g P. A., Louisville, Ky.

Married Wednesday. Hon. J. S. R. Wedding, of this place, and Miss Lucy B. Townsend, of Horton, were married at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. J. A. Wedding, at noon Wednesday. Rev. Jo. Acton, of Sulphur Springs, in a very impressive manner, pronounced the words that made them one. The bride and groom left for Whitesville at once where at the home of the groom's sister, Mrs. P. H. Haffy, an elegant reception was given Wednesday night.

The contracting parties stand high in the county and their many friends join in wishing them all the good to be had in this life. The groom is a rising young attorney and politician, and the bride is a highly cultivated and refined young lady.

After spending a few days at Whitesville, Mr. and Mrs. Wedding will visit Owensboro Louisville and other places, arriving home Sunday before New Year.

Barnes-Porter. Mr. D. Lee Barnes, Beaver Dam, and Miss Ada Porter, Morgantown, were married Wednesday. Mr. Barnes is a popular young business man, a former teacher, and now a member of the Beaver Dam Milling Company. The bride is a highly cultured lady, and the many friends of the young people congratulate them upon their happy consummation of their courtship and wish them a pleasant journey to the end of life.

Notice. All articles for publication should be addressed to THE REPUBLICAN, Hartford, Ky., to insure prompt attention.

### Transfers of Real Estate.

Messrs. J. S. Mosely and D. L. Johnson have purchased the C. N. McDaniel farm above town. Mr. Johnson will probably move to the farm in the near future.

Mr. C. N. McDaniel has purchased the farm of Mr. J. S. Mosely near Horton.

Mr. Jake Westerfield has sold his farm in the Crane Pond neighborhood to a Mr. Dally and has purchased the James May and Dr. J. E. Pendleton farms on the Beaver Dam road near town. He will move to his new purchase at an early day.

Flood's Sarsaparilla, the king of medicines, conquers scrofula, catarrh, rheumatism and all other blood diseases. Flood's and only Flood's.

Taken up as an Extra. By Peter Smith, living on Barnett's Creek, near the mouth of Rocky Fork, in Ohio county, on the 15th inst., one heifer two years old past—marked crop off the right ear. Her color is white speckled on body and red neck and head, and appraised by R. A. Nantz at thirteen dollars.

Witness my hand this 15 day of December, 1893.

J. W. TURNER, J. P. O. C.

Only a Boy. The above charming booklet sent by mail for One Dollar. 10 121 fr G. WRIGHT, Richardsville, Ky.

Wanted. One or two car-loads of good popular lumber. Address, F. A. AMES & CO., Owensboro, Ky.

5 tf

Lane's Medicine moves the Bowels every day. In order to be healthy this is necessary.

Not one minute elapses between the taking of One Minute Cough Cure and relief. Why shouldn't people take One Minute Cough Cure? They should. They do. L. B. Bean.

Electrical Tanning. In a recent lecture delivered at the Royal Institution, London, on the advanced chemical, metallurgical and manufacturing processes of the present time, Dr. Swinburne made special reference to electrical tanning and to the remarkable results which had been obtained by means of a combination of electrical current and mechanical agitation. Though the phenomenon has not yet been theoretically and thoroughly investigated, Dr. Swinburne is of the opinion that what takes place is electrocoagulation. The skins are full of minute interstices, and also of minute cells, and though the agitation suffices to hasten the penetration of tanning fluid into the interstices something more subtle is required to force it through the walls of the cells.

Referring to the subject of electrolysis, he showed that of water, with a current of about 30 amperes, 100 volts pressure, the current is so powerful that it maintains a brilliant arc light under the surface of the water, and even fuses the point of the iron anode. Those experiments, it is easy to see, are of an important practical character.

Very Dear at the Price. Queen Caroline, the wife of George II, seriously thinking of closing St. James park, in London, and turning it into a garden for the palace, asked Sir Robert Walpole what it would cost to do so. "A trifle, madam; only a trifle," replied the minister. "A trifle" rejoined her majesty. "I know it must be pretty expensive, but can't you tell me as nearly as you can guess?" To which Sir Robert answered, "Why, madam, I believe the whole thing will cost but three crowns." The queen had sense enough to see Walpole's allusion to the crowns of England, Scotland and Ireland and said at once that she would abandon the notion.—New York Journal.

Spent It on Principle. David Paul Brown, the well known Philadelphia lawyer, was even as a youth, very careless of money. Moreover he used to say that this disregard of wealth was a matter of principle. He studied law with William Rawle, and one day preceptor and student met, after the latter had attained a high position at the bar. "My dear Mr. Rawle," said Mr. Brown, "15 years ago I gave you my check for \$400 in return for your valuable legal instruction. Since that time I find I have received upward of \$100,000 for professional services."

"I know," replied the preceptor, "you have been very busy, and it is necessary to be very busy for a young man to make such a sum in so short a time."

"Oh," said Mr. Brown, "but you don't know how busy I have been. I have spent it all. There isn't a dollar left. Yes, I have spent it on principle. There are two kinds of extravagance—that which comes from love of display, and that which springs from contempt of wealth. Mine is the last. If I became rich, I should be indolent and lose in fame what I gained in money. That is not the case with all perhaps, but it is with me."

Mr. Rawle smiled indulgently at his brilliant pupil, who could never be brought to confess that his extravagance was anything less than a matter of conscience.—Youth's Companion.

The Morphine Habit. "The morphine habit is spreading to an alarming extent," said a down town physician last night, "especially among young men, and I regret to say young women also."

"The specialist who undertakes to cure a morphine case enters upon one of the most difficult of problems of science. Self cure is probably at- tempted by 95 out of 100 victims of morphinism at some stage of their disease, but, excepting in the earlier stages of the habit, when a persistent effort of the will sometimes suffices, it is safe to say that no patient ever cures himself. The specialist has to diagnose the case without being able to rely on any statement made by the patient, no matter how earnestly or solemnly it may be made. He must judge, independent of the patient's word, whether the real desire for cure exists, without which he can do nothing."—Boston Traveller.

The admission to hear Perkins' lecture has been reduced to the low sum of 35cts. Reserved seat tickets are on sale at Williams & Bell's drug store.

### At Home.

Having had an excellent season "on the road" with my splendid photographing outfit I have now established my gallery permanently at my new house in Beaver Dam, Ky., where I am fully equipped for doing all kinds of photographic work. Cabinet photo's a specialty. Instantaneous photographs of children. Call and see my work. Very truly, A. D. TAYLOR.

No better aid to digestion, No better cure for dyspepsia, Nothing more reliable for biliousness and constipation than DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills. L. B. Bean.

SEND twelve cents in postage stamps to 39 Corcoran Building, Washington, D. C., and you will receive four copies of Kate Field's Washington, containing matter of special interest. Give name and address, and where you saw this advertisement. 17

Everybody will be at the Court House December 23, to hear the great Lecturer, Eli Perkins.

It's just as easy to try One Minute Cough Cure as anything else. It's easier to cure a severe cold or cough with it. Let your next purchase for a



FRIDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1893.

## SLAIN.

So little the slant from my side speed  
To his death, and he fell in the darkness—  
dear!

With never a tremor, never a sigh,  
I saw my enemy bleed and die.

"And now," I said, "in my peace serene,  
I shall feel his hand and his face no more."  
The black night came with a stealthy pace  
And laid the slayers over his face.

Hidden forever from mortal view,  
And only God and the darkness knew  
But what would a barter of good and fair  
To take the place of the dead man there.

As I face the future—the life to be,  
With God and the darkness lying between  
—Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

## TWO CITIES.

For some time Badgetown had entertained the most perverse antagonism toward Alkali City, and, on the other hand, Alkali City had looked upon Badgetown with supreme contempt.

Each town regarded the other as a trespasser and a menace to the property of Cactus county, and each claimed the sovereign right to become the county seat when the new county should be organized.

"Just to think," exclaimed Nathan Skidmore, the mayor of Alkali City, "my town with only 14 inhabitants claiming the right to be the county seat over a city with nearly 100 population! His preposterous!"

"His outrageousness deserves the contempt of every intelligent squatter on Coyote prairie," observed Bill Barondollar, a muscular six-footer from Missouri who had cast his fortunes with Alkali City. "Seems to me," he went on, "that his notion better be a confidence game for gits strangers to stop in Badgetown."

"Why," he continued, getting warmed up with the subject, "the mayor of Badgetown has had the gall to actually ask strangers to come thru an innkeeper's house; had a crenelated parapet, which sez that the town is on the eve of a great boom—most location on Coyote prairie, rich soil, fine water, Italian climate, the only fine city in Cactus county! Blame take the crenelated! Hain't Alkali City in Cactus county? Hang my looks, if it ain't a downright insult!"

"Bill," interrupted the mayor, removing the cob pipe from his mouth and fixing a look of incredulity upon the speaker, "ken ye produce that circular?"

"Hear it is," responded Barondollar, drawing out a greasy, well worn document from his pocket and handing it to the mayor.

Nathan Skidmore took the paper and read it through with a thoughtful countenance.

"I'll be hanged," he broke forth, "if it ain't enough to send every cuss in Badgetown to the penitentiary—hain't just it—or I'm a liar and don't know my own name!" And he shook his fist in the direction of the despised city.

"The correct thing to do, according to my judgment," pursued the mayor, "is to call a meeting on the board of trade to Alkali City to provide measures for the abatement of public nuisances, an I think."

"Badgetown would come under that head," broke in Barondollar.

"Nathan," said Barondollar, "by what method would ye propose to settle the difficulty?"

"This," and Nathan Skidmore tapped a six shooter that hung at his side.

Barondollar nodded his approval of the mayor's method, and the two separated for the night, Barondollar going to his cabin, a short distance away.

The next day at an early hour a meeting of the Alkali City board of trade was called, and its members assembled in Bill Barondollar's cabin.

The mayor was the first to address the meeting.

"Feller citizens, an members of the board of trade," he began, "we hev met for the consideration of a question which is of the most vital importance for every citizen of Alkali City. Badgetown, it seems, hev issued a circular which reflects on the good of this city, an I am honored by feel the chief magistrate of the same I feel that, in justice to myself an worthy fellow citizens, some action should be taken at once to vindicate ourselves in the eyes of the world an the intelligent squatters of Cactus county."

"How shall this be accomplished?" continued the official when the cutting man had subsided.

"I can't meck no speech," said Jim Budlow, "but I'm hyar to say that I indorse every word our honorable mayor hev sed, an I think we offer form ourselves into an investigation committee an ride over to Badgetown, an if they don't poligize an meck amends for their conduct meck an example out of 'em."

"My idly egotism," chimed in Bill Barondollar, and this opinion was respectfully ratified by the entire crowd. Then the meeting adjourned.

A half hour later a delegation of armed and mounted men, headed by the mayor, left Alkali City and galloped swiftly toward Badgetown.

"Boys," says Barondollar, "if they don't do the square thing."

"Fix 'em so they'll wish they hain't," broke in Joe Budlow, jerking his hand in the direction of a heavy six shooter that protruded from under his loose coat.

"Ye air ter do nothin without orders from me," said the mayor in a voice of command. "I'm the commander of this company, an I'll give the orders at the right time."

A cluster of miserable little shanties scattered about the wind swept prairie were all the indications of a town to be seen. In front of one of the shanties a little crowd of men was collected conversing in low tones.

The men from Alkali City approached. The mayor was the first to speak. Stepping to the front of the crowd, he said:

"Gentlemen of Badgetown, ye see before ye a company of citizens from Alkali City, appointed by the board of trade to investigate the lyin an slandering stories ye hain't been circulate regardin our city, an ter ask ye ter poligize in a little manner or suffer the consequences—which means that we intend to tear down this dilapidated chicken ranch, scatter its rickety hen-roosts to the four winds, an administer such chastisement to the defamers of our city as will serve as a lasting warning to all like offenders in the future. Bring out yer money an council, that we may feast our eyes on the biggest liars that ever issued a real estate circular or laid out a town!"

The sound of a woman weeping bitterly came from within the building, and the mayor paused and cast a questioning glance at the men before him.

"Hain't the mayor of Badgetown in thar," said one of the men, nodding toward the shanty. "He was throve from his house an killed this mornin'."

The men from Alkali City exchanged swift glances, but none of them spoke. One of the strangers standing near by now turned to the man nearest him and said:

"I'll be hain't on his poor wife an children. They hain't got hardly neth in ter live on, I reckon."

Meanwhile Alkali City, the marshal of Badgetown, had gathered a little crowd of citizens about him and was talking earnestly.

"Boys," he said, "I hain't got much ter give, but I'm goin ter give all I can ter help the poor widdar an family of little children, an I know ye'll do the same."

The marshal took off his hat, and dropping several pieces of silver into it proceeded to make a financial tour through the crowd, and for some time the clinking of falling coin was the only sound that broke the stillness.

While this was going on the chief of Alkali City and his followers were conversing in low tones.

"From all appearances," said the mayor, "I-I reckon we hev"—

"Made big fools of ourselves!" finished Bill Barondollar.

"That's whatever!" agreed the mayor with an emphatic nod of the head. "I see that them fellers over thar, an gettin up a little of the poor family, an when it comes ter that I low Alkali City ain't broke. Is she, boys?"

"Not by a jugful!" responded Barondollar, "an if we can't give more 'an them fellers gives I'm in favor of us walkin back ter town an gettin our names changed, and this sentiment was ratified by the entire delegation.

"I'll just open the subscription with a few of these," said the mayor, taking off his hat and dropping a handful of silver into it.

His example was followed by all the others, and his hat soon resembled the specie vault of a small savings bank.

"Now," said the magistrate, "we'll see how them other fellers air succeedin, an of we hain't denked 'em we'll meck another assessment."

With this he approached the crowd of Badgetown citizens and said:

"Gentlemen, I see ye hev been takin up a little collection for the poor widdar an children. How much have ye got?"

"Bont \$23," was the reply.

"Well," answered the mayor, "Alkali City wants ter play in this game, an hyar's her bit—bont \$200, I reckon, an he emptied his hat at the feet of the astonished crowd.

Then, without waiting to hear the expressions of gratitude that rose to the lips of the amazed citizens of Badgetown, he turned and walked away.

A few moments later the whole Alkali City delegation mounted their horses and galloped out of town and were soon lost to sight over a swell in the prairie.

For half an hour they rode before a word was spoken. Then the mayor broke the silence:

"Cleaned out!"

"That's whatever!" answered Bill Barondollar.—Kansas City Star.

**The Pomaks of Rhodope.**

Who on earth, or what on earth, are the Pomaks? Is the question which will suggest itself to most of those who glance at the heading of this article.

The Pomaks are Bulgarians—Molavian Bulgarians—that is to say, they are Bulgarians who have adopted the creed of Islam, but retained their own language. With their native speech they have preserved certain usages and customs of their own race, thus allowing to the ethnologist an admirable field for speculation as to the extent to which a change of religion, unaccompanied by other influences, can modify the ingrained characteristics of a nation.

There are Pomaks in many parts of Bulgaria, but the Pomak territory par excellence lies in the wildest, remotest region of the Balkan peninsula, in the heart of Rhodope, a terra incognita to the European traveler, and known only by report to the neighboring races: in ancient days the haunt of the frenzied Bacchantes.

Of that wild north that tore the Thracian land in Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears to capture all the savage clamor drowned both here and there.

In later times the inaccessible retreat of fierce, fanatical mountaineers, who scorned for centuries the rule of Turk and Christian alike, and bravely resisted every effort to bring them into subjection. It was only quite recently that a Bulgarian force succeeded in occupying the remote portion of the Pomak territory assigned seven years ago by the convention of Toplane to Eastern Roumelia.—Fortnightly Review.

**Cheep and Dangerous Toothbrushes.**

An operation for appendicitis upon a patient living in this state revealed the fact that the disorder was due to the presence of tooth brush bristles.

"Cheap tooth brushes," remarked the Albany surgeon who had charge of the case, "are responsible for many obscure throat, stomach and intestinal ailments. The bristles are only glued on and come off by the half dozen when wet and brought in contact with the teeth."—American Druggist.

**Coaches in France.**

As regards the history of coaches in France, Henry IV was assassinated in 1610. Soon after his death some engravings were published representing him being murdered in his carriage by Ravaillac. It is from these that Roubou has had the sketches of the three carriages on his plate 172 engraved.

They are simply square boxes, measuring by scale 8 feet in length by 3 feet in width, on four wheels of the same diameter, without any springs or straps, and seating six persons in all—namely, two with their backs to the horses, two facing them, and two more, one on each side of the two "boots," at the sides. Each vehicle had a roof resting on light columns and curtains to draw or to let down.

This agrees well with the received accounts of the incident, according to one version of which Henry rode in an open carriage, and according to another that as soon as the fatal blow was delivered by the assassin the king's attendants, who rode with him in the carriage, drew the curtains, and hiding the king from public view assured the enraged people that his was only wounded.—Notes and Queries.

**He Died Her.**

A real backwoods woman, born and bred through a long life in the Vermont hills, was lately transported by a relative to the heart of Boston culture. She was taken to lectures on every "ism" and "ology," to talks on dress reform and exhibitions of model living. The effect of it all was to be seen in a soliloquy overheard one night as the poor old soul was trudging up stairs to bed: "No hell, no flannel petticoat," she murmured drearily. "What'n body goin to do?"—New York Times.

**Dead and Dignified.**

Stationmaster at Bullyholooy (to inquiring tourist): The half past none o'clock train won't start to-night till ten, and there'll be no last train at all at all tonight till a quarter after with tomorrow mornin, fare.—Judy.

## THE PARTING REQUIEM.

[BY ELLA MCCLURE.]

We parted in silence—we parted in night.  
On the bank of that lonely river:  
Where the fragrant pines their boughs  
We met, and we parted forever.

The night birds sang, and the stars  
Told many a wondrous story  
Of friends long gone to the kingdom  
Above.

Where the soul wears its mantle of glory.  
We parted in silence—our cheeks were wet  
With tears that were past controlling;  
And we vowed that we'd never, no  
And the vows at that time were  
consoling.

But the lips that echoed that vow of night  
Are as cold as that lonely river;  
And the sparkling eyes, the spirit's  
shrine,  
Has shrouded its fire forever.

And now, on the mid night sky I look,  
And my heart grows full to weeping;  
Each star, to me is a sealed book—  
Some trace of the lost one keeping.

We parted in silence—we parted in tears.  
On the banks of that lonely river:  
But the color and bloom of those by-gone years,  
Shall hang round its waters forever.  
HOKTON, Ky.

**Words of Wisdom.**

The following letter was written by Judge B. L. D. Guffy, of Morgantown, to the National View, Washington, D. C., of date November 25, 1893:

"The purchasing clause of the Sherman law has been repealed, but no revival of business except a Waterloo defeat of the Democratic party, for which let us all give thanks. The persistent claim of the Democracy to be in favor of silver money enabled it to get into power and then it made haste to demoralize silver, of course nothing but defeat could be reasonably expected. The result of the election disproves the old repeated assertion of the repealers that the people were for repeal. The election also proves that the people are still determined to still vote either the Democratic or Republican tickets, and evidence conclusive that the People's Party or Populist Party is dead, at least not a factor in politics.

"The organization of the People's Party was a misfortune. I did what I could to promote the movement. I hoped that with the great number demanding reform, and with the object lesson of the late of the Greenback party that we could finally win, but very soon the new party went into the fusion business and allowed itself to be loaded down with new and extreme demands to such an extent that defeat was inevitable.

"The movement has well high extinguished the F. & I. U. It also weakened the cause of silver by linking with it so many socialistic demands. I enlisted in the monetary reform army in 1875 and devoted time and money to the cause. I wanted the people in Greenback days against loading us down with new demands.

"After the organization of the People's Party I saw the same danger and again cried out against it, but all to no purpose. I still supported the party, even voted the ticket at the recent election, but the party is now dead and the thing to do is to unite with the Republican party. That party did establish the fact that money could be legally made of paper not redeemable on demand. It gave us a better banking system than the Democrats ever did. It gave us a better banking system than the Democrats ever did. If we continue to struggle for the resurrection of the Populist Party we simply waste our time.

"If we unite with the Republicans we may be able to convince some of them and obtain some reform. No reform can be expected from the Democratic party. For twenty years it has stood in the way of all reform. Twenty years ago there were efforts made in several states for reform through farmers' clubs and anti-monopoly organizations.

"The Democrats proceeded to endorse the demands and get control of most if not all the machinery of such movements and then smother them. They proceeded in the same way with the Grange, the Greenback Party, the Alliance and the free silver question. In short it has been the policy of the Democratic party to endorse all reforms where the reforms are popular and then to smother them or destroy them in some way.

"The Republican party has not advocated all measures that to me seems necessary, else I would not have left them to become a Greenbacker nor to help build up the People's Party, but it is manifest that if any reform is to come it must come through the Republican party or through some party yet unborn.

"It is certain the people will not vote the so-called Populist Party into power else they would have at least cast a good vote for that ticket at the last election. The Democrats had demoralized silver. The Republican press and bosses had aided the crime and yet the Populists were insignifi-

cant even in Iowa and Ohio, where the Democrats had heretofore run on free silver platforms and this year on a gold standard one, yet the people would not vote the Populist ticket to any considerable extent.

"I think if we had stuck to the Omaha platform that the people would have rallied to us this year, but the opportunity has passed. If all of us had gone into the Republican party in 1891 and devoted the time and money to financial reform that we have done, we would likely have had free coinage of silver now. My advice to all reformers, including the Populist Party, is unite with the Republican party.

"We may not achieve all the reforms desired by so doing.  
"We are certain, as I think, to achieve none through any other party in existence."  
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Morgantown, Ky., Nov. 25, 1893.

**In Memory of Thomas H. Keown.**

Again death claimed a shining mark, November 27, 9 p. m., in the person of Thomas H. Keown, youngest son of Hugh Keown, deceased, and Mary Keown, aged fourteen years and three months. Thomas entered our school the second week, and was never absent a day until claimed to his bed by the disease that ended his earthly career. He was a bright boy, of prepossessing personal appearance who at once gained the love of teacher and pupils alike. But now our hearts are clouded, for one of our number, in whom we had great confidence of being able to win distinction for himself, has been taken from our midst. Teacher and pupils tender their deepest sympathy to the sorrowing mother, sisters and brothers.

PEARL MILLER.

**Curious Shellfish.**

The limpets are a curious kind of shellfish. They resemble the abalones in their habits. Their interior is made of the most brilliant colors, bronze and iridescent hues predominate. They are found on the west coast of Mexico and are so large that the people use them for washing.

This has been contradicted by the assertion that the greasers never wash and compared with Mark Twain's remark about the Marsellaize—that they made the best soap in the world and were the authors of the famous soap, but as a matter of fact the Marsellaize never sing and do not use soap.

The limpets are ferocious animals and prey with great voracity on clams. The process seems slow, but the limpet always gets there. He gets his cover over the unsuspecting clam and puts his big foot on his shell, generally on a weak spot. Then he whips out a long wiry tongue and proceeds to bore a hole in his captive. When this is done, the shell is split open, and the limpet is free to feast on the poor clam's carcass. He eats but a part and leaves the rest for the fishes of the sea.—Exchange.

**One Barber's Grievance.**

My favorite barber is a merry little fellow, and I always believed until the other day that he was one of the happiest persons in the world. But I have learned that he is no happier than most of us.

"Yes," he said, "like the business first rate, and I get lots of tips, and I expect soon to be able to set up for myself. But there is one drawback about it. I can't eat onions. A barber whose breath smelled of onions would never secure steady customers. Now I am an Italian and possess the fond of onions. I'd rather eat them than anything I know of—except, perhaps, garlic. No man ever yawns after a drink more than I do after onions. It is the hardest kind of a trial to have to keep a customer grip on my appetite all the time. I think I should be the happiest man in the world if I could eat onions and still continue to be a barber."—New York Herald.

**Russian Greetings.**

A Russian throws himself on the ground at his master's feet, clasps his knees and kisses them. A Polo bows down to the ground or kisses his master's shoulder. A Bohemian kisses the lower hem of the garment worn by his superior. At meeting a Russian says, "Svidaniya" ("Good health"), on parting, "Do Svidaniya" (French, "An revoir"). When separating for a lengthened period, "Proshchaniya" ("Pardon"—i. e., for leaving you so soon).—Lander and Volkerkunde.

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A New Hampshire physician sends the following cat story to the Philadelphia Times, for which he vouches:

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"He is a great pet, and going to him I bent over without indicating by any motion my meaning and said gently, 'Dick, if you want to go to bed, take off my glasses.' He immediately reached up a paw and took them off as deftly as though it were an old habit.

"Thinking this a 'happen so,' I put them on and made the same request in different words, with precisely the same result. After one more repetition he yawned and plainly indicated that he was enough."

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The great Parisian dressmakers have a custom of charging a married woman more for her gowns than an unmarried woman is asked. An American lady, in Paris, recently commented upon this difference, which she had observed to the extent of \$50 in two dresses identically alike.

"Ah," exclaimed the great modiste, "why not? Madame has a husband to pay her bills, but mademoiselle's dot must be looked out for, so that she may get a husband." Which is not so illogical as it at first seems.—San Francisco Argonaut.

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